

AUG. - SEPT 10¢

ANIMAL COMICS

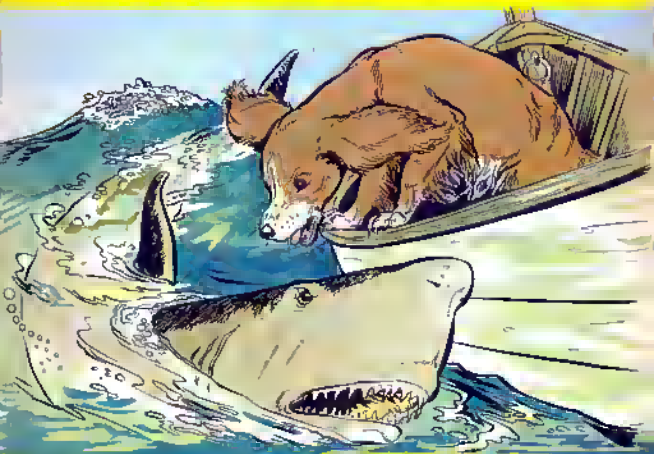
• DELL COMICS •
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UNCLE WIGGILY

ALBERT & POGO

ROVER • JIGGER

ZOO ANIMAL PHOTOS





**WEBCOMIC
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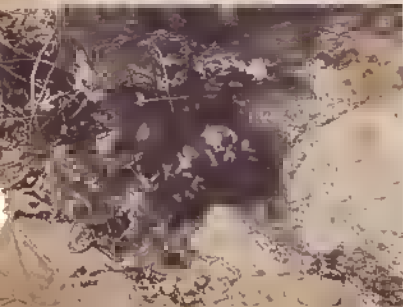


PHOTO ZOO

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS

RED FOX CUBS

Fox cubs are born around the beginning of April. They number from four to nine in a litter. The color of the fur is a rusty-red; hence the name Red Fox. Once in a while, color variations occur in a litter. Silver and Black Fox are very rare; the common variation is the Cross Fox.

Foxes have a keen sense of smell and depend on it more than on their eyesight. Except for raiding his hen houses, foxes really help the farmer by killing off large numbers of destructive rodents, such as mice and rats.

GRAY WOLF CUBS

Wolf mothers take great care of their pups and protect them well. Litters run usually to about seven but can number anywhere from three to thirteen. Wolves used to roam all over the North American continent but now because of their destructiveness, their number is greatly depleted.

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ROVER

by Dan Noonan

THE HURRICANE

THE NEXT ISLAND IS A LONG WAY OFF.
MIKE, WE'VE GOT A LONG SAIL
AHEAD OF US.

GUITS US RED,
AND ROVER TOO, I
BET, HE NEEDS A REST.

FEELS LIKE THE WIND IS
DYING. DOESN'T IT?

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THE SKY
LOOKS, MIKE—THINK I'LL JUST
HAVE A LOOK AT THAT "COAST
PILOT" TO BE SURE...

WAAA—NOT SO GOOD! ACCORDING
TO THIS WE'RE HAVING TYPICAL
HURRICANE WEATHER...

CLOUDS INDICATE STORM AND THE
BAROMETER IS FALLING RAPIDLY...
LOOKS BAD...ROVER, TIE YOUR EARS
DOWN, SHE'S GOIN' TO BLOW.



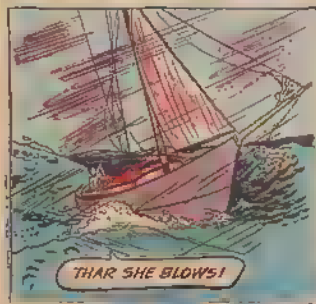
WE'LL HAUL DOWN THE MAIN-
SAIL AND TAKE THE DINGHY
ABOARD WHILE WE CAN..THIS
IS THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.



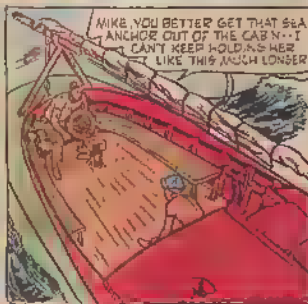
LET'S HURRY, MIKE,
NOT MUCH TIME LEFT...
ROVER, GO
BELOW!




NO TIME FOR DOGS
TOPSIDE... WE'RE
IN FOR IT NOW!



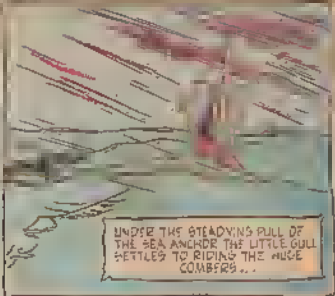
THAT SHE BLOWS!



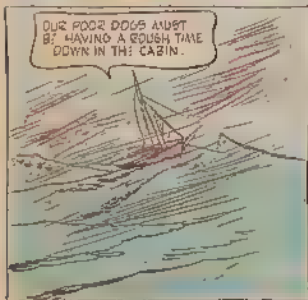
MIKE, YOU BETTER GET THAT SEA
ANCHOR OUT OF THE CABIN...I
CAN'T KEEP HOLDING HER
LIKE THIS MUCH LONGER.



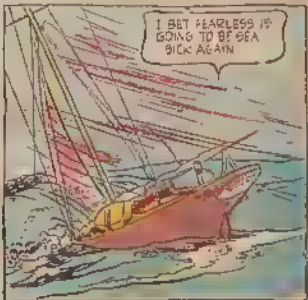
LET HER GO,
MIKE! THAT
OUGHT TO KEEP
US UP INTO THE
WIND.



UNDER THE STEADYING PULL OF
THE SEA ANCHOR THE LITTLE GULL
SETTLES TO RIDING THE HUGE
COMBERS...




OUR POOR DOGS MUST
BE HAVING A ROUGH TIME
DOWN IN THE CABIN.



I BET FEARLESS IS
GOING TO BE SEA
SICK AGAIN.



IT'S GETTING DARK GOSH, WILL
THIS STORM NEVER END.....



LOOKS LIKE THE WORST IS OVER...
BY MORNING WE OUGHT TO BE
ALL RIGHT.

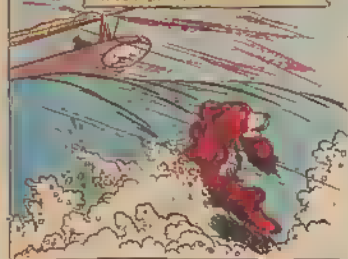
BUT THE WORST WAS YET TO COME.
SUDDENLY A HUGE MOUNTAINOUS WAVE
RISES BEFORE THE HELPLESS GULL...



... AND CRASHES OVER THE DECK
FROM BOW TO STERN ...



ROVER, WHO HAD JUST SNEAKED UP
ON DECK, IS CARRIED AWAY-----

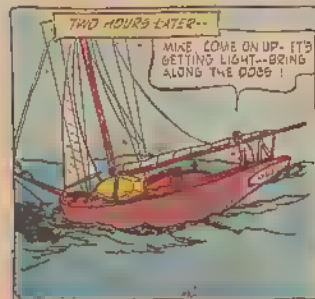


... WITHOUT ANYONE CATCHING A
GLIMPSE OF HIM IN THE EXCITEMENT.



TWO HOURS LATER--

MIKE, COME ON UP-- IT'S
GETTING LIGHT-- BRING
ALONG THE DOGS!

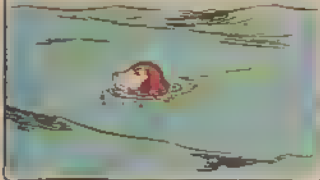


YOU MEAN HE ISN'T BELOW? HE WASN'T
WITH ME FOR HOURS-- WHY--WHY--
ROVER IS GONE! GONE, I TELL
YOU! OVERBOARD!

NO, RED!
NO!



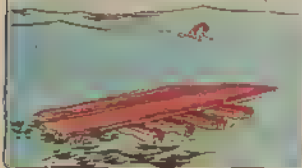
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO ROVER
FOR HOURS HE HAS BEEN SWIMMING, HIS
LEGS GETTING MORE TIRED UNTIL.....



WHEN THEY JUST COULDN'T MOVE MUCH
LONGER HE SPIED A PEECE OF WRECKAGE.



WITH HIS LAST DUNCE OF STRENGTH
HE MADE IT AND CLIMBED ABOARD.
POOR ROVER NOW WHAT?



RETCHING WITH THE BRINE HE HAD
SWALLOWED, TREMBLING WITH
EXHAUSTION ROVER WAS A BUNDLE OF
MISERY.



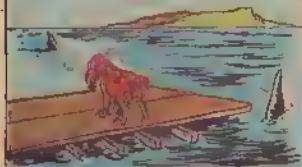
THE HOT SUN DRIES HIM BUT
BRINGS ADDED DISCOMFORT -
THIRST ---



GRINDING FINS CIRCLE THE FLIMSY RAFT--SHARKS,
SURE OF THEIR PREY IMPATIENTLY WAIT FOR
ROVER TO FALL OR BE WASHED OFF THE RAFT---



BUT ONCE AGAIN FATE SMILES KINDLY
ON ROVER...THE CURRENTS CARRY HIM
INTO SHALLOW WATER TOWARDS A
SMALL PENINSULA OF AN ISLAND...



JOYFULLY, ROVER LEAPS ASHORE. LAND!
FIRM GROUND! NO MORE SALT WATER IN
YOUR MOUTH AND SWAYING BOARD
UNDER YOUR PAWS!



DELICIOUS FRESH WATER IN
A PUDDLE. ROVER LAPS IT
UP NOISILY. ONE MORE
DRINK AND THEN ON
TO LOOK FOR RED
AND MIKE.



UP TO THE HIGHEST POINT TO GET
A GOOD LOOK AROUND. ROVER'S
TUMMY MAKES EMPTY NOISES..



THERE'S A SHIP! **WOOF!**...--
IT IS...NO, IT ISN'T. THE GULL BUT
IT MEANS PEOPLE AND PEOPLE HAVE
FOOD...**WOOF!**...-- AT LEAST HE
HOPES SO.



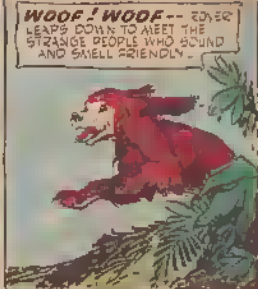
SMELL!...YUP--HE WAS
RIGHT--THAT DELICIOUS SMELL
IS FOOD...**WOOF!**...A SMALL
BARK MIGHT BE IN THE PLACE TO LET
THEM KNOW HE IS COMING!



HEY--LOOK!--A DOG!
HE MUST HAVE DROPPED
OUT OF THE SKY!



WOOF! WOOF-- EDGER
LEAPS DOWN TO MEET THE
STRANGE PEOPLE WHO SOUND
AND SMELL FRIENDLY.



HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU EVER GET HERE
DOGGIE? THERE ISN'T A HOUSE OR BOAT
FOR MILES.



WELL I'LL BE DARNED! SOME
OTHER FISHING PARTY MUST
HAVE LEFT THE POOR CRITTER
BEHIND WITHOUT NOTICIN'



WELL, SKIPPER, HE EATS AS IF HE
HADN'T HAD FOOD FOR WEEKS.



GOOD LITTLE DOG I WISH I KNEW YOUR
NAME, IT WOULD MAKE YOU FEEL A LITTLE
BETTER-- DO YOU LIKE ME
TOO? I'LL TAKE CARE OF
YOU TILL WE FIND YOUR
MASTER.



THAT'S A TALL ORDER, MRS. HOLLISS. HE'LL BE FINDING HIS MASTER, BUT I SURE WILL ASK ALL THE FISHING GUIDES IN OUR PORT.

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT WITH US. HE'S A NICE LITTLE FELLOW.



PICK ME UP IN AN HOUR - OUR LITTLE TAKE A LAST LOOK AROUND THE ISLAND MAYBE. HIS PEOPLE LEFT SOMETHING THAT MIGHT GIVE US A CLUE.



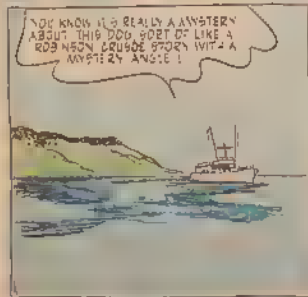
WE BETTER GET GOING IF WE WANT TO GET BACK TO JAMAICA.



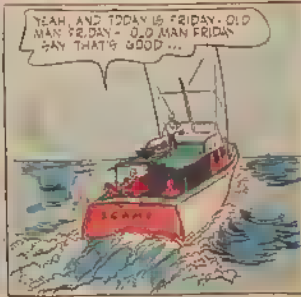
HEER UP FELLER - I WENT THAT BAD.



YOU KNOW IT'S REALLY A MYSTERY ABOUT THIS DOG SORT OF LIKE A ROBINSON CRUSOE STORY WITH A MYSTERY ANGEL!



YEAH, AND TODAY IS FRIDAY. OLD MAN FRIDAY - OLD MAN FRIDAY SAY THAT'S GOOD ...

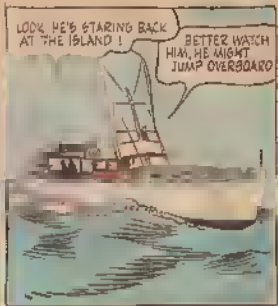


WE AREN'T MAKING FUN OF YOU BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE A NAME. D'YOU MIND IF WE CALL YOU FRIDAY FOR AWHILE.

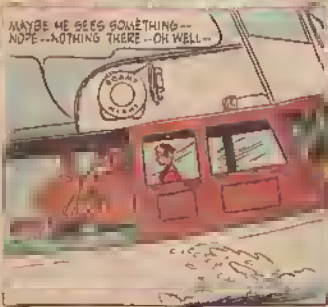


LOOK HE'S STARING BACK AT THE ISLAND!

BETTER WATCH HIM, HE MIGHT JUMP OVERBOARD.



MAYBE HE SEES SOMETHING-- NOPE--NOTHING THERE--OH WELL--



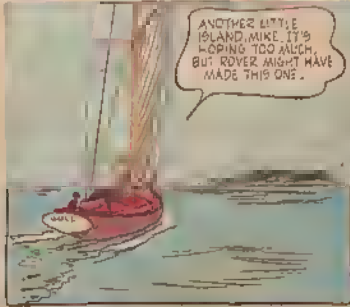
DOGS ARE FUNNY, THOUGH, THEY HAVE SENSES WHICH WE HAVEN'T GOT ----



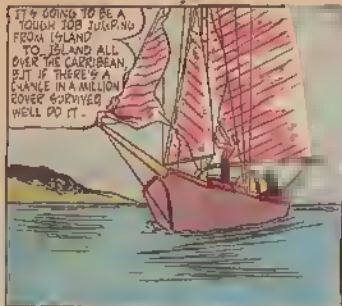
WHAT IS IN ROVER'S MIND? -- DOES HE FEEL OR SENSE SOMETHING? FOR INSTANCE THAT THE GULL WITH RED AND MIKE IS APPROACHING THE LEEWARD SHORE OF THE ISLAND WE JUST LEFT?



ANOTHER LITTLE ISLAND, MIKE. IT'S WOPING TOO MUCH, BUT ROVER MIGHT HAVE MADE THIS ONE.



IT'S GOING TO BE A
TOUGH JOB JUMPING
FROM ISLAND
TO ISLAND ALL
OVER THE CARIBBEAN.
BUT IF THERE'S A
CHANCE IN A MILLION
ROVER SURVIVED,
WE'LL DO IT.

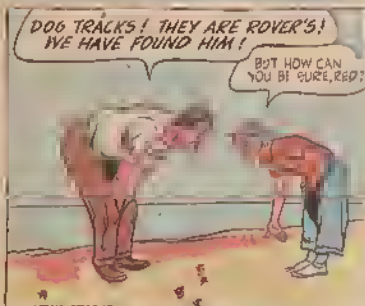


MIKE! MIKE!



DOG TRACKS! THEY ARE ROVER'S!
WE HAVE FOUND HIM!

BUT HOW CAN
YOU BE SURE, RED?

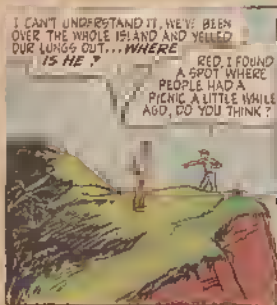


SEE THAT MARK OF A SCAR? THAT'S
WHERE ROVER ONCE GOT HURT!
IT'S ROVER, I TELL YOU!
IT'S ROVER!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. WE'VE BEEN
OVER THE WHOLE ISLAND AND YELLED
OUR LUNGS OUT... WHERE
IS HE?

RED, I FOUND
A SPOT WHERE
PEOPLE HAD A
PICNIC A LITTLE WHILE
AGO, DO YOU THINK?



YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY ARE ROVER'S TRACKS...
WHOEVER WAS HERE DIDN'T LEAVE MORE THAN
AN HOUR AGO, THE TIDE IS STILL COMING IN.



AND THERE ARE MARKS OF THE KEEL OF A ROW BOAT. ROVER HAS BEEN TAKEN ALONG BY WHOEVER IT WAS WHO CAME HERE.

GOSH, THEY STOLE ROVER, RED. THAT'S A MEAN THING TO DO.



MIKE WHAT COUNTS IS ROVER IS ALIVE. HE DIDN'T DROWN. I KNOW, RED, BUT SOMEBODY TOOK HIM AWAY. CHEER UP, BOY!



WHAT COULD THEY DO, MIKE? LEAVE ROVER TO STARVE? HOW'D THEY KNOW WHO HE BELONGED TO? ROVER COULDN'T TELL THEM, COULD HE?



BUT, RED, WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO? WHAT'S ROVER GOIN' TO DO? HE--HE LOVES US!

BUCK UP, MIKE. I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, I FEEL LIKE HAVING A GOOD CRY MYSELF BUT THAT WOULDN'T HELP ROVER. I SAY WILL IT, MIKE?



WILL WHAT? N-OTHIN' WILL HELP ROVER NOW!

I KNOW SOMETHING THAT WILL AND THAT IS TO START LOOKING FOR HIM RIGHT NOW IF WE HAVE TO COMB THE WHOLE WORLD FOR HIM! NOW STOP GINVELING.



WE'LL START WITH THE NEAREST PLACES. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A LOCAL BOAT. LET'S SEE NOW, WE'RE HALF WAY BETWEEN HAITI AND THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA -- WHICH? -- I WISH I KNEW -- LET'S LEAVE IT TO THE WIND! ALL RIGHT JAMAICA IT IS!



JIGGER

by BIFF

ARE YOU GONNA SPEND TH' WHOLE DAY LAYIN' AROUND LIKE THAT, MOOCH?

SURE, WHY NOT?

WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO?

IT'S A FINE DAY FOR A ROMP IN THE COUNTRY. HOW ABOUT IT?

ZZZZ

MOOCH!

HUH? WUZZAT?

I SAID LET'S GO OUT TO TH' COUNTRY!

WHAT'S IN TH' COUNTRY? NOTHIN' BUT BIRDS AN' TREES AN' FLOWERS AN' STUFF!

IT'LL BE GOOD FOR YAI YOU CN LAY IN TH' SUN...

LOOK! WHAT DO YA THINK I'M DON' NOW?

BUT IT'S DIFFERENT OUT IN TH' COUNTRY!

I LEARN SOMETHIN' EVERY DAY... I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WUZ ONLY ONE SUN...ZZZZ

ALL RGT... I'LL GO ALONE!



WELL, I GUESS I'M
GONNA HAVE ALL
THOSE GOOD EATS FOR
MYSELF!!



HEY! WAIT FOR
ME WILL YA, G?

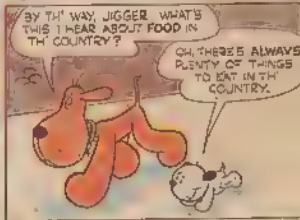


CHANGED
YOUR MIND,
EH?



YEH... I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT ABOUT A DAY IN
TH' COUNTRY DON'T ME
GOOD.

SURE!



BY TH' WAY, JIGGER, WHAT'S
THIS I HEAR ABOUT FOOD IN
TH' COUNTRY?

OH, THERE'S ALWAYS
PLENTY OF THINGS
TO EAT IN TH'
COUNTRY.



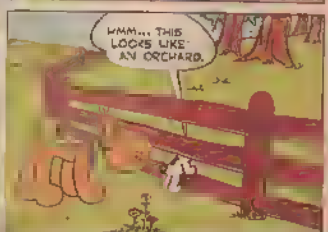
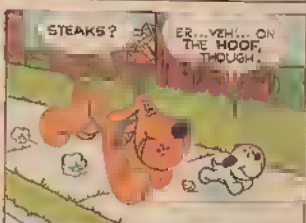
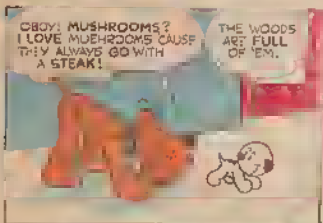
THERE'S PLENTY TO EAT IN THE
CITY, TOO—BUT WE DON'T GET
IT.

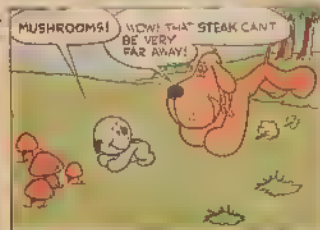
LISTEN, IN TH'
COUNTRY
IT 'JUS' LAYS
AROUND
ON THE
GROUND.

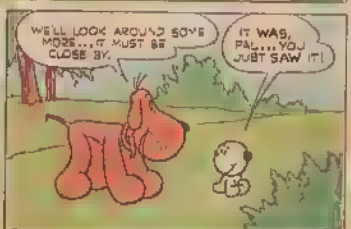
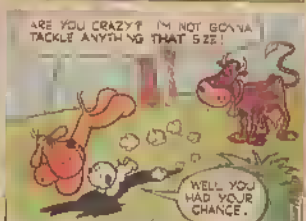
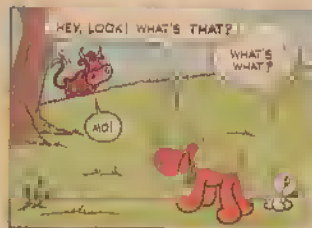


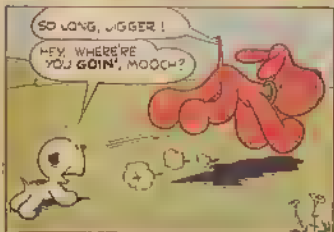
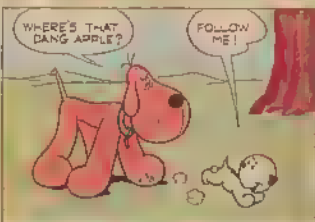
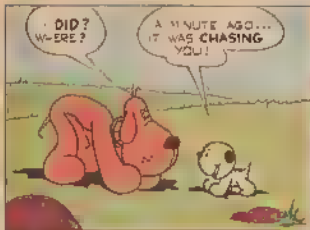
WHAT? PEOPLE THROW
IT OUT?

NAH... BOY,
ARE YOU
IGNORANT!



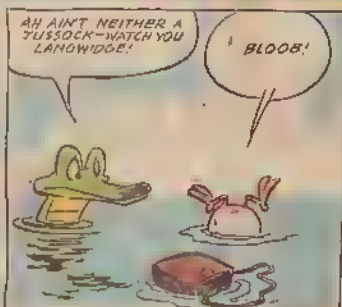
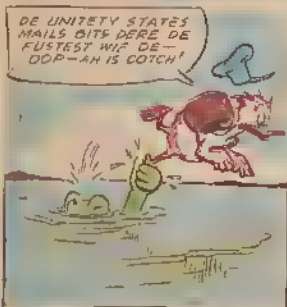






Albert and POGO

by WALT KELLY



OH, AH KNOWS COUPER FOLKS
WHUT KIN WRITE GOOD

BUT DOES YO'
KNOW ANYBUDDY
KIN READ?

HE SHO' NUFF DOES
KNOW SOMEBUDDY—
NAMELY PUSSON NAME
OF HE— POGO DE
NATURAL BORN
POSSUM

AW RIGHT, MISTUH SILVER
SERVICE EMPLOYEE.
CHONK OUT A LETTUN
FO' US AN' LET'S US
READ HER UP

POOF!

DON'T THINK AH DINT
HAVE NO MAILS FO'
YO' FOLKS NOWAYS—
BUT LEMME SEE...

DISH YERE DOAN SEEM
TO HAVE ANY WRITIN'
ON HER.

FUNNY LOOKIN'
LETTUN
ANYHOO

AH ISN'T A
MAIL, AH IS
A PLAIN
CATFISH!

NO STAMPS! GIT
BACK DERE! YO'
CAIN'T CHEAP
DE GUMMINT!

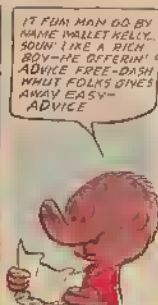
FAUGH!

DAT ALL DE
MAIL US GIT?

MAYBE DISH YERE
BEAT UP OL' FRATZLE
IS FO' YO' ALL



WHY, SHO' NUFF, DISH
YERE IS FO' US FOLKS-
IT SAY, "TO DE
SHAMPLAN' CRITTURS'



IT FUN! MAN GO BY
NAME WALLET KELLY.
SOUN' LIKE A RICH
BOY-HE OFFERIN'
ADVICE FREE-DASH
WHUT FOLKS GIVES
AWAY EASY-
ADVICE



WHO DISH YERE POCKETBOOK'
KELLY THINK HE IS? AH'LL
WHOP DAT BOY DOWN
TO PAN SIZE'

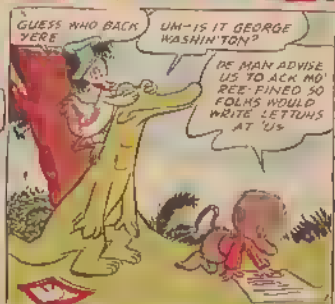
HE SEN' US
HIS PITCHER-
HMMH



AH GOOD AT READIN'
PITCHERS-FODEY!

MA SAKES' HE
SORT OF SIMPLE
SEEMIN'

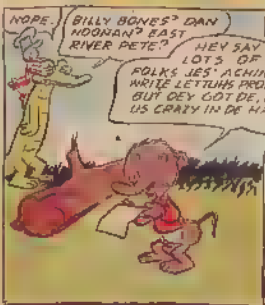
HE FUNNY-LOOKIN'-
NO TWO WAYS 'BOUT
DAT BUT LISSEN
AT HE LETTUN'



GUESS WHO BACK
YERE

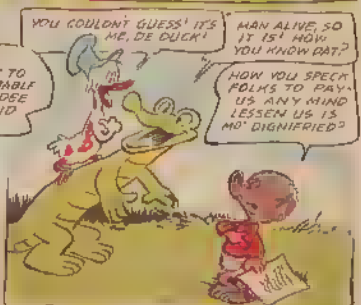
UM- IS IT GEORGE
WASHIN'TON?

DE MAN ADVISE
US TO ACK MO'
REE-FINED SO
FOLKS WOULD
WRITE LETTUNS
AT 'US



NOPE.
BILLY BONES? DAN
MOONAN? EAST
RIVER PETE?

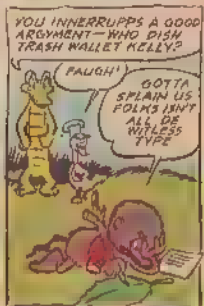
HEY SAY
LOTS OF
FOLKS JES' ACHIN' TO
WRITE LETTUNS PROBABLY
BUT DEY GOT DE, IDEE
US CRAZY IN DE HAID



YOU COULDN'T GUESS' IT'S
ME, DE DUCK!

MAN ALIVE, SO
IT IS! HOW
YOU KNOW DAT?

HOW YOU SPECK
FOLKS TO PAY-
US ANY MIND
LESSEN US IS
MO' DIGNIFIED?



MOST DE CRITTURS IN DISH
WERE SWAMP GOT A BATCH
OF BISCUIT BATTER BRAINS,
BUT NOT OL' POGO-OOP!

WHO DAT BLUNKIN'
INTO DE LEAF AH
WRITIN' ON?

WHO, YOU THINK?
AH A CHINEE-MAN.

IS YO' A SHO'NUFF
CHINA BOY?

STRAIGHT FUM
DE OTHER SIDE
OF DE WORLD.

LESSEE YO'
PING TAIL.

AH KINGLIN' MA
PING TAIL— US
WEARS 'EM LOW
DISH SEASON—
IT ALL DE RAGE

YO' LOOKS MORTAL
LIKE A OL' GROUN'
SQUIRREL.

DE ACID TEST IS
LET'S HEAR YO'
SPEAK SOME
CHINA.

S'CUSE ME, I
MA EASTERN
COUSIN, BUT AH
GOT A LETTUN
TO WRITE

WHUT KIND OF
CHINA YOU WANTS?
MANDARIN, CASTILIAN
OR WEDGEWOOD?

SHANGHAI— HONK KONG—
CANTON AND ORANGE
PEKOE' HOW'S DAT?

WHY, YO' IS A
NATURAL-BORN
CHICKEN CHOW DOG!

BEAT IT, MISTUH
WEEVIL, AH IS WRITIN'
TO A CHARACTER
NAME OF POCKETBOOK.

DOES YO' KNOW ANY
ORIENTAL TRICKS, CHINA
BOY?

EVAH HEAR
OF DE WISE
MONKEYS?

DE WISE MONKEY
PUT HANDS OVER
EARS, MOUTH AND
EYES... HE SAY,
"HEAR NO EVIL,
SPEAK NO EVIL,
SEE NO EVIL!"



AH HOLDS YO'
HAT WHILST
YO' DOES IT.

HEAR
NO
EVIL!



HEAR NO
MEEBIL!



SEE NO
EVIL!



NOW WHUT?

NOW OPEN YO' EYES -
OL' CHINA BOY
DONE RUN OFF
WIF YO' HAT.

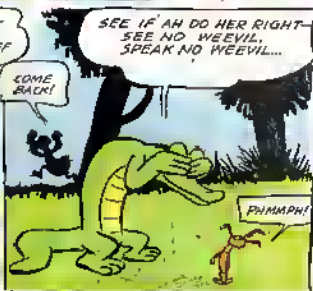
COME
BACK!

SOME
TRICK!



SEE IF AH DO HER RIGHT -
SEE NO WEEVIL,
SPEAK NO WEEVIL...

PHMMPH!



DISH ONE WEEVIL YO'
KIN HEAR GOOD -
PHOOEY
ON DE
ORIENTAL
TRICK!

LOOK LIKE AH
NEVAR GIT DE
LETTUH SENT
NOW, DE POSTAL
MAN RUN OFF.



SO AH'LL JEST HOOT HER OUT!
ANYBODY WANTS TO SEND
US SOME LETTUNHS, US'LL
SPELL 'EM OUT... WE JES'
RICKIN' TO HEAR FUM ALL
OUR FRIENDS - CHILDREN
AND GROWN-UPS!



CHUCK- WAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

by GAYLORD DU BOIS

Drawings by M. GOLLUB

CHARLEY, HOW LONG
WILL IT BE UNTIL
WE GET TO THE
NEXT ROUND-UP
CAMP?

ANOTHER HOUR, PAT--OR
MEEBEE TWO. YOU CAN'T
MAKE SPEED OVER THIS
RIMROCK WITH A CHUCK
WAGON... WHY, YOU HUNGRY?

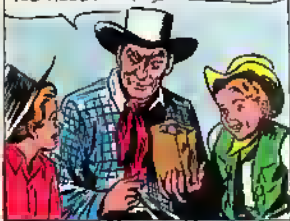


I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT THOSE
LINES RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HANDS,
CHARLEY-- BUT I WON'T, IF YOU'LL
TELL US A STORY

THREATENIN'
ME, HUH? OKAY, PETE!



HERE'S SOME FRESH COONIES I SAVED
FOR SELF-DEFENSE--IN CASE YOU
KIDS GOT TOO CARNIVOROUS! AND
WHILE YOU'RE EATIN' EM, I'LL TELL
YOU ABOUT--



--BROWNIE, THE BEAR CUB, WHO
NEVER COULD GET ENOUGH SWEET
THINGS TO EAT--



"AND HANK BIGELOW, THE TRAPPER, WHO
NEVER HAD HIS RIFLE HANDY WHEN
HE NEEDED IT MOST.



HANK WAS SO MAD AT BROWNIE ROBBING HIS BEE TREE AND GETTING AWAY WITH A BELLYFUL OF HONEY THAT HE JUST ABOUT THREW A FIT.



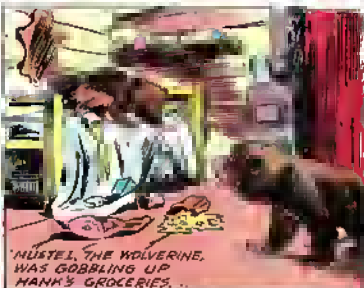
THAT WAS JUST HIS ORNERY MEANNESS, BECAUSE HE GOT ENOUGH HONEY FROM THAT OL' TREE TO LAST HIM ALL WINTER.

HANK STRAINED THE HONEY THROUGH A FLOUR SACK INTO AN OLD MOLASSES CAN.



THEN HE LEFT HIS CABIN FOR A TWO-DAY TRIP AROUND HIS TRAP LINE.

THE NEXT DAY BROWNIE CAME SNOOPING AROUND AND FOUND HANK'S DOOR PARTLY OPEN. SOME OTHER ANIMAL HAD GOT IN.

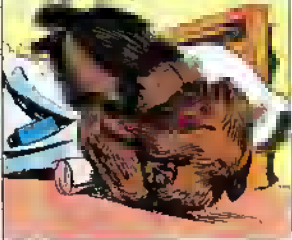


MUSTEL, THE WOLVERINE, WAS GOBBLING UP HANK'S GROCERIES.

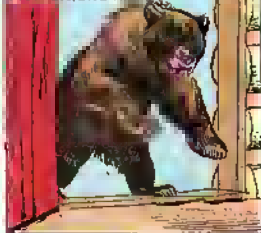
NOW, ANYBODY BUT A BUMBLING BEAR CUB WOULD HAVE HAD SENSE ENOUGH NOT TO MESS AROUND WITH A WOLVERINE



THAT GLUTTON WAS THIRTY POUNDS OF SIMON-PURE WICKEDNESS. IN TWO SHAKES HE'D HAVE RIPPED BROWNIE TO PIECES...



BUT JUST THEN SOMETHING, LIKE A STEAM ENGINE IN FUR BUSTED INTO THE CABIN IT WAS BROWNIE'S MOTHER, BRUNA



ONE SWIPE OF HER BIG PAW SENT MUSTEL, THE WOLVERINE SAILING THROUGH THE DOOR...



AND HE HAD THE GOOD JUDGMENT TO KEEP GOING TOUGH AND STRONG AS HE WAS, BRUNA WOULD HAVE TAKEN HIM APART IN A JIFFY



FINDING HER CUB ALL RIGHT, THE OLD SHE-BEAR GOT INTERESTED IN HANK'S FIVE GALLON HONEY CAN



'GRUBBA HAD A SWEET TOOTH, HERSELF. WHATEVER HONEY BROWBIE COULDN'T GET OUTSIDE OF WENT DOWN HIS MOTHER'S LONG, RED LANE

'AFTER IT WAS ALL GONE THEY WENT OUT, LEAVING STICKY FOOTPRINTS EVERYWHERE.



'WHEN HANK BIGELOW GOT HOME AND SAW THE SAD REMAINS HE WAS FIT TO BE TIED.

'HE BLAMED THE WHOLE BUSINESS ON THE BEARS, AND SWORE HE'D NAIL THEIR HIDES TO HIS CABIN WALL.



'THAT DAY HE SET A DOZEN SNARES, HEAVY ENOUGH TO CHOKE A BEAR TO DEATH

'AND IN THE MORNING HE STARTED FOR THE SETTLEMENT TO BUY SOME MORE GRUB THIS TIME HE'D TAKEN CARE TO BAR THE DOOR.



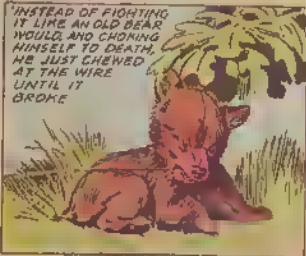
"OF COURSE BROWNIE HAD TO FIND ONE OF HANK'S SHARES BEFORE ANYONE ELSE



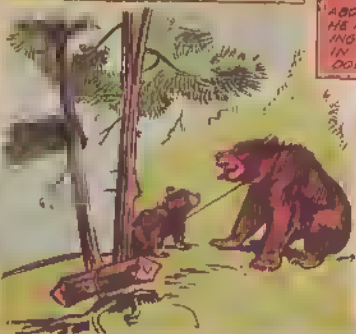
"HE GOT HIS HEAD THROUGH THE WIRE LOOP, AND THE LOOP PARTLY SHUT OFF BROWNIE'S BREATH... HE WAS KINDA SURPRISED, BUT NOT SCARED, ESPECIALLY



"INSTEAD OF FIGHTING IT LIKE AN OLD BEAR WOULD, AND CHOKING HIMSELF TO DEATH, HE JUST CHEWED AT THE WIRE UNTIL IT BROKE



"ABOUT THAT TIME HE HEARD A GRUNT-ING AND A THRASHING IN THE BUSHES DOWN THE HILL



"IT WAS HIS MOTHER, BRUINA, CHOKING HERSELF IN ANOTHER SHARE THAT GOT TIGHTER WITH EVERY TUG



"BUT BROWNIE HAD LEARNED HOW TO PLAY THAT GAME. HIS SHARP TEETH CUT THROUGH THE WIRE AS NEAT AS PLIERS COULD

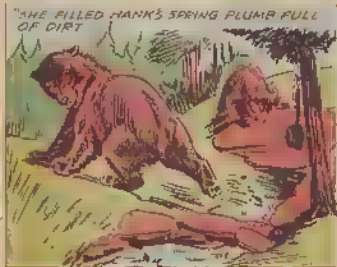
"FROM THEN ON IT WAS WAR BETWEEN
BRUNA AND HANK BIGELOW—SHE
FOUND AND WRECKED ALL HIS
MURDEROUS SNARES



"...EXCEPT ONE THAT A CHOMING LYNX HAD
CARRIED UP A TREE—ONLY TO HANG
HIMSELF.



"SHE FILLED HANK'S SPRING PLUMP FULL
OF DIRT



"AND SMASHED HIS DIPPER
FLAT AS A PANCAKE



"BUT SHE CUFFED BROWNIE
AWAY FROM THE CABIN BEING
AFRAID OF TRAPS



"A WEEK LATER, WHEN HANK CAME BACK
FROM THE SETTLEMENT, HAULING HIS
SUPPLIES ON A HAND SLEDGE.

...HE GOT A CREEPY FEELING
THAT SOMETHING OR SOME-
BODY WAS AFTER HIM.



LESS THAN A HUNDRED YARDS BACK
HE FOUND THE TRACKS OF A BIG
BEAR, OVERLAPPING HIS OWN.



"HE LEFT HIS SLEDGE
AND SNEAKED BACK
ON HIS OWN TRAIL,
READY TO SHOOT



"THE NEXT MINUTE HIS
MOTHER FOUND HIM,
AND SENT HIM
SCOOTING UP THE
NEAREST TREE



"WHILE HANK WAS FIGGERIN' OUT WHAT TO
DO, BROWNIE FOUND THE SLEDGE LOAD
OF GRUB. IT SHELLED MIGHTY GOOD



"THE BEAR TRACKS AROUND HIS SLEDGE MADE
HANK PRETTY JUMPY WHEN HE CAME BACK—
SO JUMPY THAT HIS GUN WENT OFF—
UNINTENTIONAL-LIKE

THAT SHOT RIGHT UNDER THE TREE,
SCARED BROWNIE SO THAT HE LET
GO ALL HOLDS AND DROPPED—
PLUMB ONTO HANK'S HEAD



HANK LOOKED AT HIS RIFLE—
TEN FEET AWAY—AND SAW
BRUNA'S RED LITTLE EYES
LOOKING AT HIM, FROM NOT
MUCH FARTHER. HE TOOK
A LONG BREATH...



...AND LIT OUT FOR THE CABIN,
LEAVIN' HIS RIFLE, GRUB AND
ALL TO THE TWO BEARS

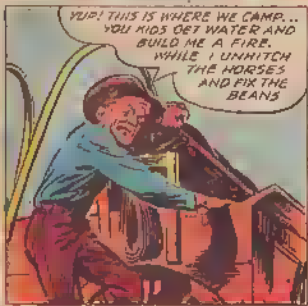


WHOA! HERE WE ARE, YOUNG 'UNS,
AHEAD OF EVERYBODY.

WHAT,
ALREADY?

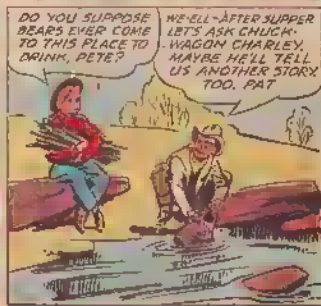


YUP! THIS IS WHERE WE CAMP...
YOU KIDS GET WATER AND
BUILD ME A FIRE.
WHILE I UNHITCH
THE HORSES
AND FIX THE
BEANS



DO YOU SUPPOSE
BEARS EVER COME
TO THIS PLACE TO
DRINK, PETE?

WE'LL—AFTER SUPPER
LET'S ASK CHUCK—
WAGON CHARLEY.
MAYBE HE'LL TELL
US ANOTHER STORY.
TOO, PAT



An elephant never forgets

by
Don Lang

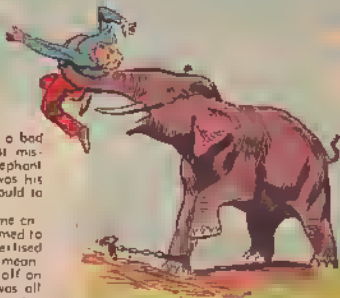
Old Roger? He was what they call a bad elephant. I mean really bad, not just mischievous and full of fun as any elephant might be, but downright bad. That was his reputation and he did everything he could to live up to it.

Roger belonged to one of the old-time circuses, and the owners of the circus seemed to delight in his badness. He was advertised everywhere as the world's largest and meanest elephant. And every time he went off on a rampage or did some damage, it was all played up in flashy billboard signs bragging about what an old rogue he was and how dangerous, just so that more people would come to the circus to see him. He was a great attraction, a real headliner for that circus.

But they had a time with Roger. Those circus people. There were only two men in the business who could handle him. One of them was his keeper, an old English clown. While the other one, the only other man who could handle him without trouble, was a man by the name of Tex Bell.

Now Tex was in charge of the canvas part of the circus, the tents. He didn't have a thing to do with the menagerie, but he and Roger just happened to get acquainted over dental and they took a shine to each other. No matter how busy Tex was, whenever he passed Roger, stoked there on the peker line with the rest of the herd, he'd always find time to stop a minute or two, to pet him and talk to him, give him a lump of sugar or some peanuts or something. And that old rascal appreciated it.

Those two men, they were old Roger's only friends. He had no use in this world for anybody else, not a soul. Why, he'd attack a person quick as a wink, if they hadn't kept him chained and shocked. Now, there must have been a reason for course there's no way to be certain, but it seems likely that from the very first, ever since he was captured, people must have bullied Roger, and instead of being



patient and kind to him, they probably abused him every time they had a chance. So what could be expected? He just naturally hated the sight of people, all except those two men, his regular keeper and Tex Bell.

Then one day Tex fell and went to work for another circus. That was a blow to Roger. He missed Tex, missed him plenty. He missed those lumps of sugar, those little acts of kindness and understanding. As the days went by, he grieved and grieved for Tex and things got steadily worse and worse. He got more unruly, more vicious and dangerous, till finally he was so dangerous that the circus was afraid to keep him any longer.

And so he was sold, sold to another circus, the very same circus where Tex Bell was working. They wanted a famous elephant for their own advertising purposes, so they bought Roger. They decided to take a chance on him. Of course, Tex didn't know a thing about it, not a thing. He had no idea that Roger had been bought by his show. On his new job, he never had a chance to go through the menagerie or come in contact with the elephant herd. So, naturally, he never saw Roger.

But when Roger was transferred to the new show, it was the last straw. This change meant separation from his one remaining friend, the old English clown. And worse than that even, he didn't like his new keeper. He didn't like him a bit.

In the first place, he didn't trust the man. But he tried to behave himself because there was always a stub on an elephant hook threatening him the minute he looked cross-eyed at anything. So he just made it his business to put up with his keeper and get along with him the best he could. He knew, regardless of everything, that he had to perform. He had to go through with his stunts no matter how he felt.

However, every once in a while, something would happen. Something would make him especially mad, and then he couldn't control himself. He would rampage around perfectly furious. And in return he'd be more abused than ever. And so it went on like that, day after day, year in and year out. That was Roger's life. And more and more he hated the very sight at a human being.

Then one night, it was in 1898, the circus was in winter quarters at Argentine, Kansas. It was the middle of the night, and everything around the lot was dead quiet. Just then, Roger's keeper came rushing into the elephant quarters with some of his friends, shouting and singing

Down the picket line came the keeper. Stopping in front of an elephant, he'd clap it across the trunk, shout and swear if it a second, then pass on to the next one. Choline began to tattle and elang, big elumey feet padded the ground as the awakened elephant swayed and tossed from side to side in legs and tremble.

Soon, the Isaper came to Roger. Roger eyed him, his great trunk swinging carelessly from right to left. The man bullied and shouted at Roger, then bragged and boasted to his friends about what a bad elephant Roger was and how he was the only person who could handle him, how he could make Roger do anything he wanted him to do.

So just to prove it, just to be showing off, he shouted a command to Roger, a command to do a stunt that Roger did in the ring as part of his performance. Roger never moved, just kept his trunk switching from side to side. He'd done that stunt in the afternoon during his training hour and he wasn't going to do it again at two o'clock in the morning, not for anybody like that. He never moved. He never bugged. He just stood there slapping.

That keeper was furious when Roger didn't pay any attention to his command. Ha, the big boss, the great elephant trainer! And his friends stood there jeering at him. He was wild! But instead of reaching for an elephant hook, the hook that Roger was used to, he ran his hand in his pocket, fished out his pen knife, opened it, and jabbed it to the hilt in Roger's trunk.

Roger screamed with pain. Never before had he felt anything like it. Every ounce of hate in his huge body rose up as he reached out, wrapped his trunk around the keeper, lifted him high in the air and shook him.

Then, with a turtous bellow, he tossed the lifelike body to one side, gave a terrific lunge, jerked and elated. Every chain snapped and he was free!

Again and again that terrible thumpel saundod, as he started off on a wild rampage. Pandemonium broke loose. Every elephant underload and recognized that fearful challenge at the kitter.

Down past the long line of ringing squealing, frightened elephants Roger lumbered, straight on up to the massive stockade fence built to hold back a whole herd of alaphante. It rose directly in his path and threatened to elopp him, as it was supposed to do, but he elapped only an instant, just long enough to place his head against it, and then down it crashed. And on he plunged.

A siren shrieked through the sleep night air its warning call to every man to be up and armed, for tragedy was at hand. A dangerous elephant was on the loose. Men came from every direction, excited and yelling.

The hate in Roger's heart burned to an insane rage as that shouting mob gave chase, shooting and firing. Every man was his enemy now. Everyone was bent on destroying him. But on he went, down to the Santa Fe Railroad yards. Then down the track he went, as fast as he could, still screaming his anger and defiance. As bullet after bullet burst itself in his huge body, the pain of that knife wound

grew keener and the hole in his heart more and more. And on each side of him as he traveled down that track, appeared great freight cars. Harmless they might be, yet each and every one of them was something to be destroyed. And, as more of those bullets thudded and plowed into his body, more and more of those box cars toppled over on their sides and crashed to splinters, victims of his furious onslaught.

Suddenly there came to him a different sound. His ears caught it distinctly. It was the sound of a horse's hoofs beating a steady tattoo on the wooden railroad ties. Louder and louder that sound came. It was catching up to him. Mysteriously, the shooting and the noise of the mob had faded out. But the new enemy, the danger of those hoof beats, threatened him. They kept coming nearer, gaining on him.

Realizing he couldn't get away, he stopped short, right there in the middle of the track. He wheeled around to face this new enemy and destroy it as he'd destroyed that man, that fence, and those freight cars. With a frightful bellow of rage, he challenged his oncoming foe.

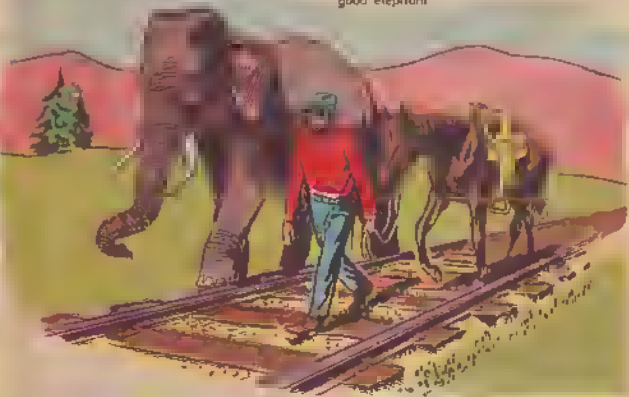
"Roger waited, his uplitted trunk ready to strike. Every muscle taut, he waited for the attack. It came! First a shadow, then the out-

line of a horse and rider dashing up to him. The horse wheeled to a stop, the rider slid to the ground and started toward him fearlessly. That trunk slashed wickedly down. Down! But something stopped it half way in mid-air, stopped it short. It was a gentle cooing voice, pleading with him.

"Come on, Roger! What's the trouble, ol' boy? Aw, come on!"

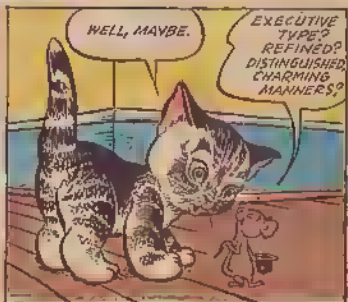
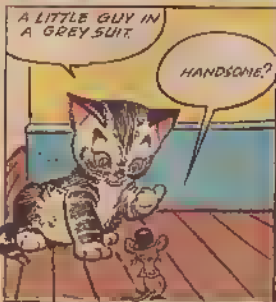
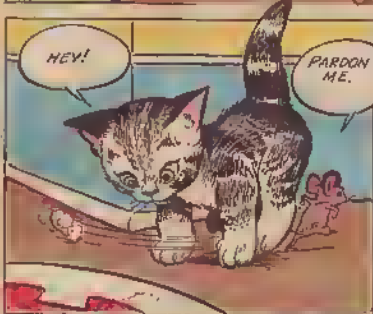
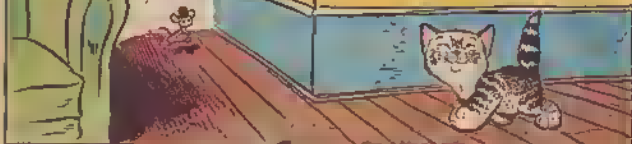
Instantly Roger recognized that kind, sympathetic command. He hadn't heard it for years, but he recognized it. It was the voice of a friend, the man he loved. His trunk dropped limp, then reached out to fondle his old pal, Tex Bell. Tex put his arm around that trunk which could slash so wickedly and for a long time they remained there, the man and the elephant, renewing a great friendship, while the old elephant tried to tell a story that only his friend could understand. It was a story of mobs, bullets, clubs and hooks. He had conquered them all one by one, only in turn to be conquered himself by a few soft words and a memory of love and kindness.

The next morning, very early, a tired old man could be seen slowly trudging down the railroad track. On one side of him a riderless horse with reins flung loosely over his head. On the other side, his great ears flopping backward and forward, his long powerful trunk switching lazily from right to left, was a thoroughly docile and contented elephant. It was Roger, old Roger, going back to the circus, to live the remaining years of his life and become famous once more, famous as a good elephant.



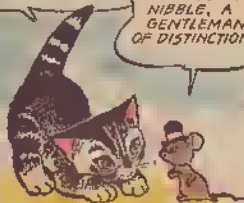
NIBBLE and NUBBLE

by WALT KELLY



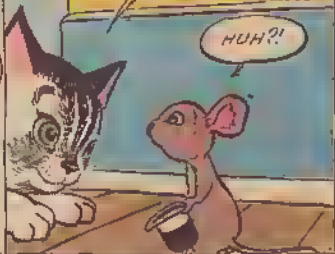
I'M JUST A BRAND-NEW CAT
NAMED NUBBLE AND I DON'T
KNOW WHAT THOSE
WORDS MEAN.

THOSE WORDS
MEAN ME!
NIBBLE, A
GENTLEMAN
OF DISTINCTION.



ARE YOU A CAT, TOO?

HUH?!



A CAT? - HAW! YOU CAN'T
MEAN IT, MY GOOD FELLOW -
HAW! A CAT INDEED!



MY BOY, I'M A MOUSE.
ONE NIBBLE' BY NAME.



A MOUSE?!! MOTHER SAID
SOMETHING ABOUT MICE -
WHAT WAS IT?



SOMETHING COMPLIMENTARY.
NO DOUBT! WHEN LITTLE
CATS ARE GOOD, THEY GROW
UP TO BE MICE... HERE,
GIVE ME A BOOST.



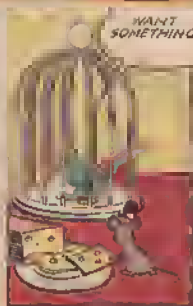
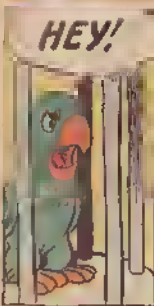
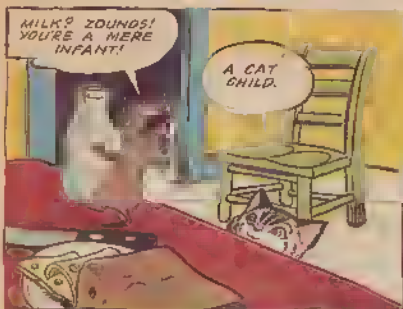
NEVER WAS
ABLE TO GET UP
HERE BEFORE



STICK AROUND, MY BOY..
UN-DO YOU LIKE JAM
OR DRIED BEANS?



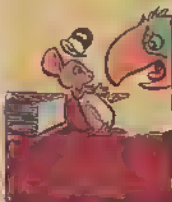
I LIKE
MILK.
NIBBLE



'I EAT MICE!

MICE?!

THAT FOR YOUR VILE
HABIT, SIR!



LET ME AT HIM! I'LL
MURDER THE BUM!

OH ME,
IT'S HURRY,
HURRY, HURRY
ALL DAY
LONG!

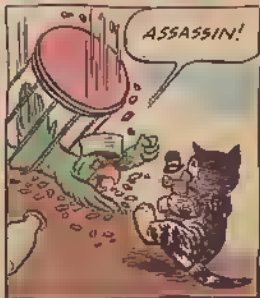
HEADS UP, NUB!
WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
PARROTS?



NEVER HEARD OF 'EM...
ARE THEY GOOD—
WITH MILK?

WELL, MAYBE—
SORT OF TOUGH
THOUGH... BUT
LOOK OUT—
HEADS UP!

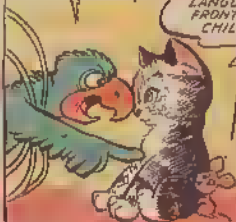
ASSASSIN!



YOU MUST
BE THE
PARROT!



AND YOU'RE A CAT!! WHY
AREN'T YOU BUSY EATING
THAT MOUSE?



TUT, TUT!
WATCH YOUR
LANGUAGE IN
FRONT OF THE
CHILDREN.

I DON'T WANT TO
START ANYTHING,
BUT SOME CATS
EAT BIRDS!



WHAT A WAY TO RUN A HOUSE—
MICE ALL OVER THE PLACE—
CATS LAZY AS PIGS!



WE'VE HEARD
ENOUGH—WE'LL
BE GOING, HUBBY.
MY BOY



WHAT'S ALL
THE RUCKUS?



HIDE IN THE CLOSET, HUB—
LOOK WHO'S COMING!

THE BOSS!



SO HELP ME, THESE TWO
CHARACTERS.. BLA-BLA—

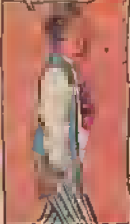


FUSS FEATHERS
IS BENDING
HIS EAR WITH
A LOAD OF
ALIBIS

OH, KEEP QUIET, YOU OLD WINDBAG...
YOU SPILLED THAT MILK.
SO DON'T TRY TO
BLAME SOMEONE
ELSE.



IMAGINE THAT
PARROT TRYING TO
ACCUSE A MOUSE
OF MAKING THAT
MESS.

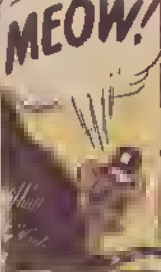


OH, HELLO THERE, KITTY!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A
PESKY MOUSE AROUND,
HAVE YOU?



MEOW!

CAN'T AFFORD MICE, YOU KNOW—
WHO'S THAT BEHIND YOU?



MEOW!

NEVER SAW SUCH A SMALL
CAT—ESPECIALLY IN
A DERBY



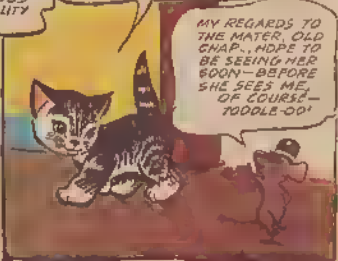
HE THOUGHT
YOU WERE
A CAT!



AH YES, SOME
PEOPLE EVEN MISTAKE
ME FOR A FAMOUS
CINEMA PERSONALITY

WELL, I'D BETTER GET
BACK TO THE BASKET

MY REGARDS TO
THE MATE, OLD
CHAP., HOPE TO
BE SEEING HER
SOON—BEFORE
SHE SEES ME,
OF COURSE—
TOODLE-OO!



UNCLE WIGGILY

SILAS SCARBOROUGH'S MY
FULL NAME - "SI" FOR SHORT.
AND I'D GIVE JUST ANYTHING
FOR A LITTLE VACATION

HI THERE,
UNCLE
WIGGILY!
WOULD YOU
DO ME A
FAVOR?

DEAR ME SUZ! WHO'S THAT
SPEAKING TO ME?



YES, I'VE BEEN
STANDING HERE
EVER SINCE THIS
CORN WAS PLANTED,
SCARING THE CROWS
AWAY FROM IT -
AND YOU'VE NO
IDEA HOW STIFF
I'M GETTING

IF YOU COULD TAKE MY PLACE FOR JUST AN
HOUR, IT WOULD GIVE ME A NEW LEASE
ON LIFE

YOU POOR OLD
CHAP! I'D BE
GLAD TO DO IT -
BUT WHAT
IF THE
FARMER
SAW ME?

THAT'S EASILY TAKEN!
CARE OF - WE'LL
CHANGE CLOTHES

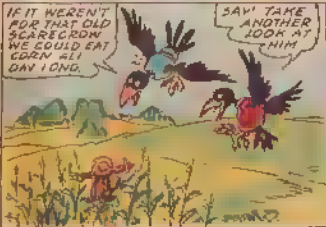
TOODLE-DO, OLD
DEAR! YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'VE DONE
TO ME!

ENJOY YOURSELF, SILAS -
AND PLEASE DON'T FORGET
TO COME BACK

IF IT WEREN'T
FOR THAT OLD
SCARECROW
WE COULD EAT
CORN ALL
DAY LONG.

SAY! TAKE
ANOTHER
LOOK AT
HIM

HE'S SHRUNK!
HIS CLOTHES DON'T
FIT ANY MORE!



AND TO THINK WE WERE
SCARED OF HIM ALL
THIS TIME—HAW, HAW!

HEH, HEH! WHAT'RE
THOSE THINGS HANGING
DOWN UNDER HIS HAT?



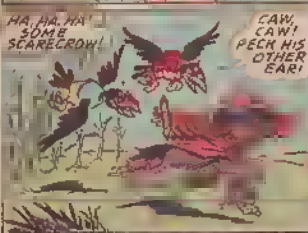
DWWW!
QUIT THAT!

HAW,
HAW,
HAW,
HAW!



HA, HA, HA!
SOME
SCARECROW!

CAW,
CAW!
PECK HIS
OTHER EAR!



HMMMM!



I'LL STOP THAT
FOOLISHNESS,
YUP!



WHAM-OH!

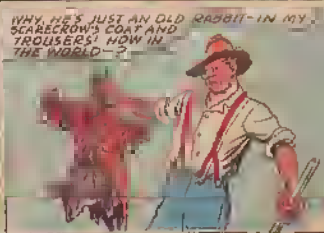
AWRRK!



NOW WHAT? I
DIDN'T SHOOT HIM



WHY, HE'S JUST AN OLD RABBIT—IN MY
SCARECROW'S COAT AND
TROUSERS! NOW IN
THE WORLD—?



WELL, WELL IT DOESN'T
MATTER. I HAVE A MUCH
BETTER USE FOR HIM
THAN SCARING
CROWS! HO,
HO, HO!

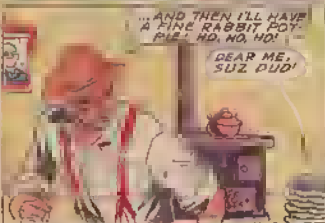


I'LL FEED YOU
CARROTS TILL
YOU'RE FAT, OLD
LONGEARS.



...AND THEN I'LL HAVE
A FINE RABBIT POT-
PIE! HO, HO, HO!

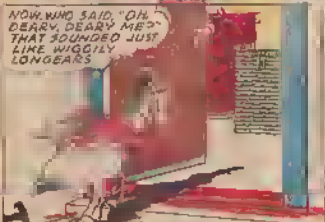
DEAR ME,
SUZ DUD!



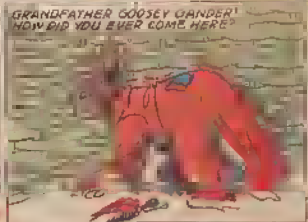
A POT-PIE!
TO THINK THAT
I'D EVER COME
TO THAT—
OH, DEARY,
DEARY
ME!



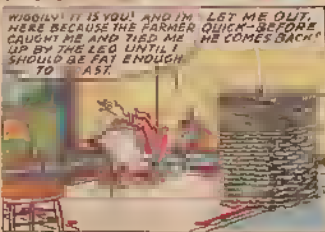
NOW WHO SAID, "OH,
DEARY, DEARY ME?"
THAT SOUNDED JUST
LIKE WIGGILY
LONGEARS.



GRANDFATHER GOOSEY GANDER!
HOW DID YOU EVER COME HERE?

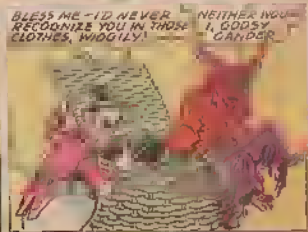


WIGGILY! IT IS YOU! AND I'M
HERE BECAUSE THE FARMER
CAUGHT ME AND TIED ME
UP BY THE LEG UNTIL I
SHOULD BE FAT ENOUGH
TO AST.



BLESS ME—I'D NEVER
RECOGNIZE YOU IN THOSE
CLOTHES, WIGGILY!

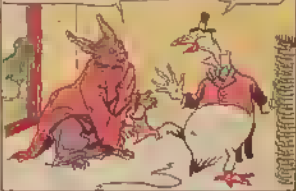
NEITHER WOULD
I, GOOSY
GANDER.



OH, OH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HRRRUNCH, HRRRUNCH HRRRUNCH
—HOLD STILL, GOOSEY GANDER



THERE, WE'RE BOTH FREE! ESPECIALLY
IT'S A GOOD THING I HAVE STRONG TEETH
AS I HAVEN'T ANY!



QUICK—AROUND THE HOUSE, BEFORE HE LOOKS OUR WAY!



MY CRUTCH! I COULDN'T
GET ALONG WITHOUT IT.

YOU'RE GETTING
ALONG—PUFF PUFF!
TOO FAST FOR
ME NOW



NOW WE'LL HEAD FOR THE
WOODS—THAT WAS THE PLACE
SILAS SCARECROW WAS
GOING WITH MY CLOTHES!

REALLY! YOU
DON'T SUPPOSE
HE MEANT TO
KEEP THEM?



UNCLE
WIGGILY!
UNCLE
WIGGILY!

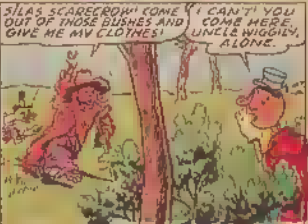
NOW, WHO DO
YOU SUPPOSE
THAT IS?

IT MIGHT BE
A ROBBER FOX—
OR A SHILLERY
SCALLERY
ALLIGATOR



SILAS SCARECROW! COME
OUT OF THOSE BUSHES AND
GIVE ME MY CLOTHES!

I CAN'T! YOU
COME HERE,
UNCLE WIGGILY,
ALONE.



WHY UNDER THE SUN
ARE YOU HIDING IN
THE BUSHES, SILAS?

BECAUSE OF THAT
PUDDLE! I SAW MY
REFLECTION
IN IT
AND

I LOOKED SO
AWFUL IN THESE
CLOTHES THAT I
DIDN'T DARE
COME OUT

THERE! I FEEL MORE RESPECTABLE,
BUT I STILL HAVE A PROBLEM,
FRIENDS.

SCARECROW
WITH A
PROBLEM?

YES! I SCARED CROWS
FOR THAT FARMER ALL
SUMMER LONG AND
NEVER GOT A
WORD OF THANKS
FOR IT.

I'M ONLY A STRAW MAN, I KNOW-HSUFF, HSUFF,
BUT I'VE GOT FEELINGS-I WANT A HOME
WHERE FOLKS WILL AP-PRECIATE ME-
HSOB, HSOB!

DON'T CRY, SILAS. DON'T
CRY! WE'LL SEE WHAT
WE CAN DO

WE'LL ALL GO FOR A
PICNIC BY THE RIVER
AND TRY TO
THINK OF
A PLAN.

HERE'S MY ROWBOAT-
HOP IN, FRIENDS!

HOW CAN WE HAVE A PICNIC
WITHOUT A LUNCH, WOBBLY.

HA, HA! DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT,
GOOSEY
GANDER.

I ALWAYS HAVE NURSE JANE FUZZY WUZZY
PUT AN EXTRA BIG CHERRY PIE IN MY LUNCH,
JUST IN CASE I MEET
SOME FRIENDS.



WE'LL FIND
SOME QUIET
LITTLE ISLAND
WHERE WE
WON'T BE
DISTURBED,
AND—



DEAR ME, THAT'S A
WHAT SHALL WE DO?

RAM THEM AND
SINK THEM!



LET ME HANDLE THESE
BAD CHAPS, UNCLE
WIGGILY.

WITH
WHAT?



WITH MY STIFF
STRAW HANDS
I'LL TICKLE
THEM HALF
TO DEATH

HEE, HEE, HEE—STOP! OH,
HEE HEE, HA. HAH, HAH!

HA, HA, HA!
OH, NO, NO!
YEDW!

HA, HA, HA! HELP! HEE HEE, I GIVE UP—
NO HA, HA!

SPLENDID, SILAS SCARECROW! THAT OUGHT
TO TEACH THOSE PIRATES A LESSON THEY
WON'T FORGET.

OH, OH! OH!
MY POOR
SIDES!

NOW WE'LL FIND A STOPPING
PLACE AND HAVE OUR PICNIC
IN PEACE.

MORE CROWS!
I'M AFRAID
SOME BODY IS
IN TROUBLE

NOW, SILAS, LET'S SEE HOW
GOOD A SCARECROW YOU
REALLY ARE.

ALL RIGHT—
I'LL SHOW YOU.

AND, SAILING NEARER,
THIS IS WHAT UNCLE WIGGILY SAW.



BOOM! BAM!
WHANG! BOOM!
DANG! BOOM!

AWWWK!
CAW! CAW!
A GUN!



THERE! NOT A CROW IN
SIGHT! DO I KNOW MY
JOB- OR DON'T I?



A SCARECROW! A REAL
SCARECROW! WELCOME TO
MUSHRAT ISLAND!

HE SAVED OUR
GARDEN FROM
THE BAD CROWS-
YEA-A-AY!



HI! HIS NAME IS SILAS- AND IF YOU ASK
HIM, I THINK HE MIGHT STAY THERE
ALWAYS.

STAY THERE ALWAYS-
OH, WONDERFUL!



SEE- HERE IS OUR GARDEN- AND
IF THE BAD CROWS HAD EATEN IT
UP WE WOULD ALL HAVE STARVED
TO DEATH!

MY, MY!
I'M GLAD
WE CAME!



HOW DO YOU THINK
I'LL FIT IN HERE,
UNCLE WIGGILY?

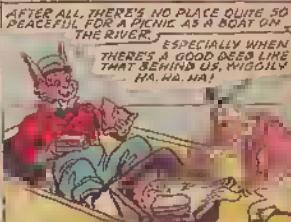
JUST PERFECTLY,
SILAS SCARECROW,
AND YOU'LL ALWAYS
BE APPRECIATED.

NEVER
FEAR!



ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN'T
STAY WITH US TO SUPPER,
UNCLE WIGGILY?

NO, THANK YOU,
MRS. MUSHRAT-
WE REALLY MUST
BE GOING NOW.



AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO PLACE QUITE SO
PEACEFUL FOR A PICNIC AS A BOAT ON
THE RIVER,

ESPECIALLY WHEN
THERE'S A GOOD DEED LIKE
THAT BEHIND US, WIGGILY
HA, HA, HA!

PHOTO ZOO

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS

OTTER

Different species of otters are to be found in both the new world and the old world. There are seven species and sub-species known north of the Rio Grande.

They inhabit areas near lakes and streams where they can hunt for fish, frogs and shellfish, usually traveling in pairs and sometimes in family parties of five or six. A favorite sport of the otters is to slide, and lucky persons have reported having watched these intelligent animals perform on a high ridge of snow or high river banks. They lie on their bellies with the forefeet bent backwards and start themselves off with a push of the back feet, swiftly gliding downwards—sometimes a distance of twenty yards. This sport will continue until exhaustion or hunger forces them to stop. The otter is a beautiful animal, noted for its luxurious shining fur. Its body is a streamlined dynamo of muscle and energy and it swims with amazing speed and skill.

The general intelligence of the otter is high and it can be trained to be a most desirable pet, answering to a whistle just like any well-trained dog and it will play like a puppy. Some tribes in India train them to catch fish.





*Upside down, right side up,
Bottom's down, bottom's on top,
If we were possums, we would find
It natural and would not mind.*